

THE ARIZONA SILVER BELT.

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THE ARIZONA SILVER BELT.

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THE BOY'S CONFESSION.

"What was the health officer doing over to your house this morning," said the grocery man to the bad boy, as the youth was firing frozen potatoes at the man who collects garbage in the alley.

"Oh, they are searching for sewer gas and such things, and they have got plumbers and other society experts till you can't rest, and I came away for fear they would find the sewer gas and warm my jacket. Say, do you think it is right, when anything smells awfully, to always lay it to a boy?"

"Well, in nine cases out of ten they would hit it right; but what do you think is the trouble over to your house, honest?"

"S-h-h? Now don't breathe a word of it to a living soul, or I'm a dead boy. You see, I was over to the dairy fair at the exposition building Saturday night, and when they were breaking up, me and my chum helped to carry boxes of cheese and firkins of butter, and a cheese man gave each of us a piece of Limburger cheese, wrapped up in tin foil. Sunday morning I opened my piece, and it made me tired. Oh, it was the awfulest smell I ever heard of, except the smell when they found a tramp who hung himself in the woods on the Whitefish Bay road, and had been dead three weeks. It was just like an old back-number funeral. Pa and ma were just getting ready to go to church, and I cut off a piece of cheese and put it in the inside pocket of pa's vest, and I put another in the lining of ma's muff, and they went to church. I went down to church, too, and sat on a back seat with my chum, looking just as pious as though I was taking up a collection. The church was pretty warm, and by the time they got up to sing the first hymn pa's cheese began to smell a match against ma's cheese. Pa held one side of the hymn-book and ma held the other; and pa he always sings for all that is out, and when he braced himself and sang 'just as I am,' ma thought pa's voice was tainted with biliousness, and she looked at him, and hunched him, and told him to stop singing and breathe through his nose, 'cause his breath was enough to stop a clock. Pa stopped singing and turned round kind of cross towards ma, and then he smelled ma's cheese, and he turned his head the other way and said, 'whew!' and they didn't sing any more, but they looked at each other as though they smelled frowny.

"When they sat down they sat as far apart as they could get, and pa sat next to a woman who used to be a nurse in a hospital, and when she smelled pa's cheese she looked at him as though she thought he had the small pox, and she held her handkerchief to her nose. The man in the other end of the pew, that ma sat near, he was a stranger from Racine, who belongs to our church, and he looked at ma sort of queer, and after the minister prayed, and they got up to sing again, the man took his hat and went out, and when he came by me he said something in a whisper about a female glue factory. Well, sir, before the sermon was over everybody in that part of the church had their handkerchiefs to their noses, and they looked at pa and ma scandalous, and the two ushers they came around in the pews looking for a dog, and when the minister got over his sermon, and wiped the perspiration from his face, he said he would like to have the trustees of the church stay after meeting, as there was business of importance to transact. He said the question of proper ventilation and sewerage for the church would be brought up, and that he presumed the congregation had noticed this morning that the church was unusually full of sewer gas. He said he had spoken of the matter before and expected it would be attended to before this. He said he was a meek and humble follower of the Lamb, and was willing to cast his lot wherever the Master decided, but he would be blessed if he would preach any longer in a church that smelled like a bone boiling establishment. He said religion was a good thing, but no person could enjoy religion as well in a fat rendering establishment as he could in a flower garden; and, as far as he was concerned, he had got enough.

"Everybody looked at everybody else, and pa looked at ma as though he knew where the sewer gas came from, and ma looked at pa real mad, and me and my chum lit out, and I went home and distributed my cheese all around. I put a slice in ma's bureau drawer, down under her under-clothes, and a piece in the spare room, under the bed, and a piece in the bath-room, in the soap dish, and a slice in the album on the parlor table, and a piece in the library in a book; and I went to the dining room and put some under the table; and dropped a piece under the

range in the kitchen. I tell you the house was loaded for bear. Ma came home from church first, and when I asked her where pa was, she said she hoped he had gone to walk around a block to air himself. Pa came home to dinner, and when he got a smell of the house he opened all the doors, and ma put a comfortable around her shoulders, and told pa he was a disgrace to civilization. She tried to get pa to drink some barbotie acid.

"Pa finally convinced ma that it was not him, and then decided that it was the house that smelled so, as well as the church, and all Sunday afternoon they went visiting, and this morning pa went down to the health officer and got the inspector of nuisances to come up to the house, and when he smelled around a spell he said there was dead rats in the main sewer pipe, and they sent for plumbers, and ma went out to a neighbor's to borrow some fresh air, and when the plumber began to dig up the floors in the basement I came over here. If they find any of that Limburger cheese it will go hard with me. The hired girls have both quit, and ma says she's going to break up keeping house and board. That is just into my hand. I want to board at a hotel, where you can have a bill-of-fare and toothpicks, and billiards and everything. Well, I will go over to the house and stand in the back door and listen to the mocking bird. If you see me come flying out of the alley with my coat full of boots you can bet they have discovered the sewer gas."—Peck's Sun.

He Wanted to Pose.

A resident of Park street had a photographer come up the other day for the purpose of taking a view of his residence, and the man at the camera had just got into position when along came an old coon with a buckskin on his arm, and wanted to know what was up.

"Going to photograph the house," was the reply.

"Then I guess I'll pose," remarked the old man. "I'll take a position at the left of the gate and represent the statue of Industry."

The members of the family came out and arranged themselves, and the man called out:

"Here, old man, you want to get out of that!"

"Can't I represent Industry?"

"No, sir!"

"Can't I stand over there and represent Laziness?"

"No, sir! We don't want you in the group at all."

"Lemme represent the Sleeping Beauty."

"You go away!"

He drew off to one side, the passing teams halted to give the artist a chance, and directly the plate was made. Everybody rushed forward when it was ready for inspection, and the old man was one of the first. As the plate was held up he giggled and tickled, and finally burst into a loud laugh. He had dodged around the corner of the house, and his full figure was revealed behind the family.

"What do you represent in that attitude?" sternly inquired the photographer.

"Well, I reckon that's a pretty good pose for Contentment."

"Very well. I will now represent Dissatisfaction."

And the artist took the festive old chap by the ear and walked him out of the crowd, and put in a couple of kicks, which changed the pose of Contentment to that of Sorrow.

We want a religion that softens the step, and tunes the voice to melody, and fills the eye with sunshine, and checks the impatient exclamation and harsh rebuke—a religion that is polite, deferential to superiors, courteous to inferiors, and considerate to friends; a religion that goes into the family, and keeps the husband from being cross when the dinner is late, and keeps the wife from fretting when he tracks the newly-washed floor with his muddy boots, and makes him mindful of the scraper and the door-mat; keeps the mother patient when the baby is cross, and amuses the children as well as instructs them; cares for the servants besides paying them promptly; projects the honeymoon into the harvest-moon, and makes the happy home like the Easter fig tree, bearing in its bosom the glory of the ripened fruit. We want a religion that shall interpose between the rats, and the gullies and rocks of the highways of life, and the sensitive souls that are traveling over them.

It is said that a man named Fourtane, who was recently arraigned before the Criminal Court of the Department of the upper Garonne, in France, has become insane through stimulating insanity.

Montana's present population is stated to be 55,000.

Law in Relation to Newspapers.

First. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscription.

Second. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their periodicals, the publishers may continue to send them until all arrears are paid.

Third. If subscribers neglect to or refuse to take their periodicals from the office to which they have been directed, they are held responsible till they have settled their bill and ordered their paper discontinued.

Fourth. If subscribers move to other places without informing the publisher, and the papers are sent to the former directions they are held responsible.

Fifth. The courts have decided that refusing to take periodicals from the office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

Sixth. Any person who receives a newspaper and makes use of it, whether he has ordered it or not, is held in law a subscriber.

One communion Sunday an old Kentucky soldier, who had fought under General Jackson at New Orleans, and knew well what manner of man he had been in his fighting days, attended the Hermitage Church and saw the aged warrior kneel reverentially before the altar. He was transfixed with astonishment. After the service was over he was observed to be unusually thoughtful and silent, and upon being questioned related what he had seen. He concluded his narrative thus:

"When I saw the man who had fought armies, parties, cabinets, and had never fought without conquering, get down on his knees in that church, I said to myself, 'Well, when General Jackson kneels, I tell you, boys, I think it is about time for me to knock under.'"

Four weeks after he joined the church, and lived and died a pious and exemplary member.—St. Louis Republican.

A marriage notice in the Elmira (N. Y.) Advertiser reads: "No cards, no cake, no flowers, no presents and nobody's business." Thank God for one man at least who believes that a man's marriage concerns nobody but himself, his wife, his family and his intimate friends. The display wedding, with its ostentatious list of presents, both pious and profane, from all sorts of people, we trust will some day be obsolete. If there is anything that is nobody's business, save that of the parties who have affectionately resolved to be partners in joy or sorrow for life, it is marriage, and we hope the day will come when a list of wedding presents in a newspaper will be as vulgar as the publication of the "descriptive list" of the bride and groom. The fighting weight of the groom and flirting weight of the bride as much concerns the public as a newspaper list of their wedding tea-spoons and other trumpery.

The phrase "tidal wave" has lately come into use to a large extent, but, unfortunately, it is usually misapplied. The "tidal wave" is the wave of high tide which sweeps regularly around the globe every twenty-four hours. It is a wave which obeys known laws, so that its continual arrival may be predicted with unerring certainty. But this phrase has come to be applied to movements in the air or water, or in human life which are exceptionally abnormal, and which cannot be predicted. A revolution in politics which no one anticipated is called the tidal wave. Such movements are waves, but storm waves, not tidal waves. But "tidal wave" has a suggestive sound, and so its misapplication will probably continue.

A promising youth of seven summers, who had been accused of not always telling the truth, cross-examined his father:

"Father, did you ever used to lie when you was a boy?"

"No, my son," said the paternal, who evidently did not recall the past with any distinctness.

"Nor mother, either?" persisted the young lawyer.

"No! But why?"

"Oh! because I don't see how two people who never told a lie could have a boy who tells as many as I do."

A census of China in the sense we use the word, has never been taken. It has been generally credited that the population of that country numbers 400,000,000 souls. Recent opinions, however, given by well-informed writers, declare that the population of China proper is not to exceed 250,000,000. That is what that country gets for knocking down its wall.